Beware the Street Car Strap.

New York Sun: A Pittsburger went to his physician a few days ago complaining of a dull ache in his left arm He had never had rheumatism, but thought his pain must come from that malady. After describing it, the doctor said: "You ride to and from your office in the cable car, don't you?" "Yes." "You seldom get a seat?" "True enough," "you have formed the habit of holding to the strap with your left hand?" "Since you mention it, I know that it is so, though I had not thought of it." "That is the cause of the pain you feel. For an hour a day, more or less, your arm is held in an unnatural upraised position, and it has begun to tell upon you. You can re-

Maine's Old People.

self by hanging to a strap.

lieve the ache with this ointment which

I shall give you, but a cure can only

be effected by ceasing to support your-

Lewiston Journal: 'Tis hardly worth mentioning, because none of these people are very old for Maine, but it has been noticed this week that Sewall Emery of Biddeford, aged 88 years. sawed a cord of hard wood, three cuts to the stick, in four hours one day recently; an 80-year-old lady in Temple walks to church every Sunday; Mrs. Isaac Caswell of West Rockport, 93 years old, does all her own housework. and does it well, too: Mrs. Eliza Ward of Troy, aged 83 years, spins nine skeins of yarn each day; Mrs. Amy Addition of Portland, aged 90 years, has just finished a crazy quilt, doing the work unas-isted by spectacles: Mrs. Clarissa Manwell of North Hartford, 76 years old, lives all alone on a farm and does all her work berself, and 79-year-old Mrs. Cynthia E. Young of Turner, takes care of two cows and thirty hens, has made 256 pounds of butter since May 78, and taken care of an invalid daughter, besides doing her housework and cutting apples this fall.

Wheat as Feed for Cows.

The last quarterly report of the Kan sas state board of agriculture is largely devoted to the subject of feeding wheat to farm animals. Reports from many farmers from different sections of the state are all to the same general effect as relates to the feeding wheat for milk. Wheat is pronounced by them almost without execption to be a very superior feed, from 10 to 50 per cent better than corn and better in mixture than when fed alone, as might be expected.

In the United States twenty-eigh states and territories have given women some form of suffrage.

Petitions are being circulated in South Australia asking that women A be given the suffrage of both houses of parliament.

Iceland, in the North Atlantic, the Isle of Man (between England and Ireland), and Pitcairn island, in the South Pacific have full woman suf-

In the Dominion of Canada women have municipal suffrage in every province and also in the Northwest territories. In Ontario they vote for all executive officers except in the election of members of the legislature and parliament.

Billiard Table, second-hand. For sale heap. Apply to or address, H. C. AKIN, II S. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

Joseph Grim of Hammonton, Pa., was riding along a country road recently on his bicycle when he was stopped by three highwaymen. They wanted his money, etc. He took his watch from his pocket, threw it several yards away, and, while the men were scrainbling for it, mounted his wheel and escaped.

Winter Tourist Tickets Via the Wabash Railroad

Are now on sale to all the winter resorts of the South, good returning until June 1st. 95. Also Harvest Excursion Tickets to all points south on excursion dates. In addition to above. Railroad and Steamship door. tickets to all points in the UNITED STATES and Europe, at lowest rates. For rates, tickets, excursion dates and full information or a copy of the Home Seekers Guide. call at Wat ash Office, 1502 Farnam street,

G. N. CLAYTON, N. W. P. Agt, Omaha. Neb.

The Evolution of the Country Club is discussed by Casper W. Whitney in the December number of Harper's Magaine. "We Americans do nothing by halves," says Mr. Whitney. "Perhaps we should enjoy life more if we did: and the history of the country club, as much as anything else, bears witness to our tendency to superlative development. From having not a single country club in the entire United States of America twenty-five years ago, we have in half that period evolved the handsomest in the world.

The men not only have to set behind high hats at the theatre, but they have to pay

Business Houses.

A few specially good things in Clothing and Cloaks. rder them. Your money back if wen want it. 200 Newmarkets, colors black, dark blue,

brown, drab; sizes 32 to 38, at \$1.75 each. These are worth \$8.00 to \$15.00. Misses Long Cloaks, sizes 8 to 12 years, in navy cardinal and deep red at one-half when they were betrothed.

brown and tan at \$10.00 and \$12.50. These are elegant garments and are sold everywhere at \$15.00 to \$20.00. A full line of rur Capes. The leader a

beautiful black Conly Fur, 30 inches long at

CLOTHING.

A strictly all wool Cheviot Suit, and a dark Gray Cassimere Suit, that retailed three days ago for \$12.50. Now \$6 50. "Our Leader" is a suit made as stylish

and well as any tailor-made garments can be. They are cut from the best materials. and sell everywhere at from \$18.00 to \$22.50. Our price is now \$11 50. A genuine Columbian Melton, Kersey or

Reaver Overcoat in blue, black, brown o xford, made wi han eye to solid wear as well as style, and retailed everywhere at \$12.00. Our price, \$5.75.

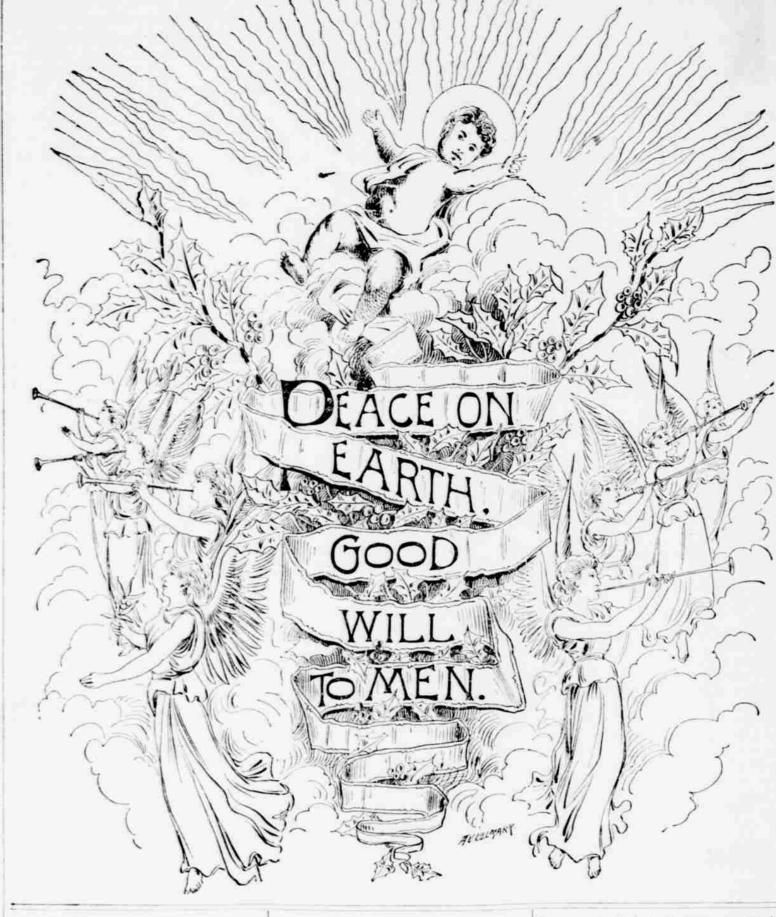
Boys' Cape Overcoats, ages 4 to 14, in Cheviots and Cassimeres, at \$1.75. Boys' Overcoats, sizes 14 to 19 years, made of Brown Melton, at \$1.95.

Catalogue and Price List free. HAYDEN BROS.,

OMAHA, NEB. YOUR STOVES STOVE REPAIRS Omaha Stove Repair Works, 1209 Douglas St. Omaha

WANTED An agent to handle our SAFETY LAMP HOLDER. Every house and house should have them. No money required if satisfactory references are given OMAHA SPECIALTY CO., 508 Piece St., Omaha.

CLOTHING for MEN and BOYS. If you CLOTHING want to save from St to \$10.00 on a suit write for our new Fall NEBRASKA CLOTHING CO.,



CHRISTMAS IDYL.



ITTLE BLOSSOM matron. dimpled hands into quarrel. the great china Arthur had flirted and Mabel had their laundress entered. rose jar, and shook taken him to task. out a gust of sum-

snow drifts. "Don't spill the pot-pourri, my pet!"

murmured a sweet, sad voice. It was Blossom's sister, blue-eyed white dress for a cheap doll hidden under her apron, for to-morrow would be Christmas, and the poor gift must go into Blossom's little red stocking hanging yonder with that pathetic darn in the tiny heel.

They were alone in the world, these two, and Mabel was fighting the battle of life for both, with a brave heart but failing hope for alas! encumbered with the care of the 4-year-old child, there was so little she could do to keep the grim wolf of poverty away from the



DON'T SPILL THE POT-POUREL MY PET."

clamorous creditors.

Of all the splendors and luxuries of pot-pourri of which Arthur and Mabel | wretched. had gathered the roses that summer

now, and to-night, as the wild winter along the lonely streets, little Blossom | did not even know what had become of | perplexity and her rosy thumb in her stirred the rose leaves in the old china her old love. He might be dead or flood tide in Mabel's tortured heart.

Where was Arthur now when his beautiful young love was so lonely and

food? Was he dead, or false?

the headstrong young lovers! But as Mabel wept so heart-brokenly pleased at Arthur's flirting with a cold lay me down to sleep. coquette. So the sweet idyl of love came to a sudden end, and Arthur devoted himself to the girls that Mabel despised the most. She did not seem to care, although she favored none of her other suitors, but smiled on all alike. Her mamma did not allow her to take ref-

uge, like Arthur, in reckless flirting. "A young girl should be as pure as a | bright, new fallen snow, and Blossom white rosebud. The virgin dew of in- was very happy with the new doll and treasures. nocence should not be brushed from sugar plums in her red stocking, but

her heart by idle flirtations. Let her | for sweet Mabel there was no Christkeep her love looks and her heart mas token, although in former years smiles for her husband," said the wise the festal season had showered her

raging wildly, and him into a coquette's toils. He looked | could afford to pay. piling the fleecy love into her wooing eyes and kissed snow into deep her hand because she tempted him. He knew he was in the wrong, but he

waxed angry at Mabel's naive lectures. more despicable than a female one and Mabel, who sat sewing by a dim light that a truly noble man will not stoop and a dying fire-sewing furtively on a to pain a woman's heart merely to gratify his silly vanity. And an engaged man is almost the same as a married man. Mamma says he has no

> But her timid arguments were interrupted by Arthur's angry retort: "See here. Mabel, you're beginning to quote my mother-in-law to me too soon, and I tell you plainly I won't stand it now, nor after I'm married,

"You can never marry me unless you change your fiekle ways!" flashed Mabel, indignantly, and Arthur, not to be outdone, replied:

"Very well. Miss Miller, I can soon find another sweetheart as pretty as you are, and perhaps not so jealous!" Mabel's blue eyes flashed with anger, and tossing her beautiful golden head. she threw his diamond ring disdainfully at his feet. Arthur picked it up with a reproachful glance from his large, dark eyes, bowed scornfully, spoke as they passed by.

But, in spite of their outward pride and alienation, they had loved too lin is so ole and thin. But, darlin', tenderly and truly to change at heart, | you git yo' needle right off an' fix it and each cherished a secret hope of afore Blossom puts bit on, cause reconciliation. She thought that Arthur would repent and own his she gwine to poke her sassy leetle fault; he believed that Mabel would thumb in it shore, and yar dat hole

repent and call him back. But in one brief month her father died, and the heart-broken wife quickly followed her husband to the better yaller curls at me, cause you knows

Mabel and little Blossom were left Only two years ago they had been all alone in the cold world. Riches the petted daughters of a rich mer- took wings, and friends forsook the chant, but failing in business, he had orphans. With a few dollars, and the died of the shock, and his delicate old china rose-jar, they removed to a wife had soon followed him to the humble room they had rented in the cottage of a poor widow. There, for a Everything was sold to satisfy the little while, Mabel half hoped for Arthur's coming. Surely, if he had ever loved her, he would throw pride their old home nothing remained to the to the winds and come to her now. orphans but the beautiful china vase of when she was so poor, and sad, and

But the long months came and went without a sign from Arthur, and it That was almost three years ago, was more than two years now since their angry parting. She seldom went apron!" winds shricked through the leafless out, she did not read the newspaperstrees, and the blinding snow whirled she was too busy and too poor-so she jar, and with the summery gust of married-married to that sweetheart spicy perfume, old memories rose to he had boasted "he could find, as pret- diligently, but all in vain.

ty as Mabel and not so jealous." Mabel had tried-oh. so hard!-to put fiekle Arthur out of her thoughts, but,

While Mabel wept on her folded now, she thought less of their bitter hands, the restless little Blosson, quarrel and more of their love and ever intent on childish mischief, came they had gathered the roses to fill the ed the tiny silver thimble from her china jar, and kissed each other so finger, and trotted back to dabble in often beneath the bending foliage. the rose leaves again until she was Later on, in winter weather, they had presently put to bed after drowsily she rushed to the rose-jar. quarreled, because Mabel was dis- murmuring her baby prayer, "Now I

hands.

Then Mabel knelt to pray also, and to her nightly petition she added, as often before: "God bless Arthur, wherever he may be, and give him a happy life. Amen."

dawned with dazzling sunshine on the

with gifts. With deft fingers she prethrust her tiny And therein lay the gist of the lover's pared their simple breakfast of tea and

She was a sunny tempered old negro He was so handsome and so rich that | woman, once Blossom's loving nurse, nery fragrance. women kept angling for him even after and since then she had insisted on dothough outside the his engagement was announced, and ing their small wash, charging only a winter wind was his easy masculine vanity soon drew nominal sum, such as she knew Mabel

Blossom laughed with delight over the big yellow orange Mammy gave her, then the old woman opened her neat basket and brought out the snowy "Mamma says a male flirt is even garments so daintily laundered, explaining volubly:



"Miss Mabel, honey, dese vere white ap'orns uv Blossom's done wared so and went away. After that they never | threadbar', dat I tored a snag in one sleeve, honey. I's mighty sorry, but I eudden' help it to sabe my life, de musyou know of she spy dat leetle snag. heap bigger in a minnit! Ah, you sp'ilt little precious," apostrophizing Blossom, "you needn't shake dem dat yo' ole brack Mammy is tellin' de gospel truth on you! You always was a doing of some mischief ebber sence you was born, dough you do looky like a hebbenly angel wid dem big blue eyes an' dimply cheeks!" and she gathered the cherub to her broad bosom in a loving hug while Mabel sought diligently in her little workbasket for her missing thimble. "It is not here. How strange, for I

had it late last night," she said. Then, a sudden memory came over her. She added, anxiously: "Blossom, you had sister's thimble last night. You took it from my finger. Get it for me now. that I may mend your pretty white

Blossom trotted from corner to corner with a puckered brow of grave mouth, sure sign of perturbation. Mabel and Mammy joined in the search,

"Oh, dear! the little mischief, she always losing some of my things, sighed Mabel, impatiently. "There alas, when Blossom's restless fingers was my gold pen that went so strangefriendless in the cruel world, her slight | would stir the pot-pourri into perfume, | ly. my tooth brush, dozens of spools of form too thinly clad for the wintry the ghost of that dead summer and embroidery silks, and-ever so many cold, her cheek too wan from lack of that lost love would come out from the trifles. But she can never remember withered rose leaves and pull at Ma- what she did with a single thing! She Alas, they had quarreled bitterly, bel's heart-strings with relentless must have found a crack in the floor or wall to poke things in. Think now, pet, with all your might. Where did you hide sister's thimble?"

Blossom, with her most cherubic air happiness that golden summer when and leaned against her knee, abstract- of innocence, was thinking deeply, and to some purpose this time, for suddenly, with a shout of joy like an infantile Columbus discovering a new America.

"Indat-evysing in dere!" she lisped, joyfully, and boldly oveturned the pot-pourri upon the floor.

Oh, the flood of sweetness, the summer-time perfume in the wintry air as the spices and withered roses poured in reckless waste upon the warm carpet! A cry of dismay rose from Mabel's lips. The joyous Christmas morning but Mammy and Blossom were already on their knees scattering the fragrant have thought when they saw the mass and bringing to light all the lost

And suddenly Mabel saw in Mam-

m,'s fat black hand a square, crea atinted envelope, sealed with pale-blue wax, and on the back her own name in Arthur's writing: Miss Mabel Latgley

"Oh, my Lor' Almighty, dat lost letter! Da's whar she done hid it, dat little mischief!" the old woman was half sobbing when Mabel caught it from her hand.

She thought at first that it was one of Arthur's old love letters, but suddenly she saw that the seal was unbroken, and cried, tremblingly: Mammy, Mammy, how came this here? When-how-" her voice broke in a sob, and the old woman whimpered:

"Taint nothin' important, is it. Miss Mabel, honey? 'Cause, how, maybe I've been wrong that I never tole you bout it sooner! Dot letter -I'd know it ag'in anywhares-kem to our house the day of poo' mar's fun'el. darlin'. and I jest lay it down in you' room a'tendin' to gib it ter you bimeby when you come up stairs from crying ober de corpse. Peared lak I jest turned round and dat letter was gone. Biossom, she was a-stanin' close to de fire, an' I t'ouht she done took en burn it up. I'se feared you'd be mad 'bout it, so I neber telled you; and when de nigger kem dat ebenin' for de answer. I telled him thar wasn't none. Oh, dat little mischief, she done hid it in de rose-jar all distime!"

"Oh. Mammy, Mammy, you've wrecked my life! I'll never forgive you-never,never!" wailed Mabel as she broke the seal of the dear letter whose secret the old rose-jar had kept those

two long weary years. And under date of two years ago, Arthur had written in a passion of love and remorse and tenderness: "MY DARLING MAREL: I was in the

wrong, from first to last. Will you forgive me, and make up our dreadful quarrel? "I have never been happy one he salutes. The Common Arab says,

moment since we parted. I will never "Salem aleikum" ("Peace be with flirt again if you will take me back you"). He then lays his hands on his agine again, my darling.

"My heart aches for you in your loss and sorrow, my own sweet love, but I will love you enough to make up for everything when once you are my darling wife. Blossom shall be my little sister. Send me one word, my Mabel. to put me out of my misery and bid me come to you! Your ARTHUR." She turned on the old black woman. her blue eyes haggard with despair.

"The letter was from Arthur, to make up our quarrel," she cried. "You now it is too late, forever too late! Tribune. and she fell sobbing, with her lovely face against the withered roses of that had been happy together. So black Mammy, with a sob of dis-

may, rushed from the room, and Blossom crouched over the scattered pot pourri in round eved amazement. Mabel alternately kissed and wept early gloaming she heard a manly

footstep inside the room. "Miss Mabel, honey, I done fetch him back to you, darlin," sobbed a voice outside the door, and the girl

sprang to her feet in bewilderment. A pair of tender arms clasped her to a warm, manly breast, dark, glorious eyes beamed love into her own, fond lips clang yearningly to hers, and Arthur Earle breathed, with deep emo-

"My precious Mabel, we must forgive Mammy and Blossom their share ing! No more sadness and loneliness for us, Mabel, darling. This is the most joyous Christmas of my life, and to-morrow you shall be my worshiped

Christmas Gifts on Orange Trees.

Hans Christian Andersen has given spent in Rome sixty years ago with a tance above the central sun, upside wegians and Danes -who found themselves far away at the time of the home gathering. They celebrated the festival in the Villa Borghese, amid a beautiful grove of pines. Finding that a fir tree, which they had wished for their Christmas tree, was there too valuable a treasure, they procured by any other, and that it is more ac. got two bottles last two large orange trees, sawn from the ceptable to them. Children enjoy it roots and glowing with the golden fruit. The party consisted of about thirty Scandinavians, seven of whom were adies. Thorwaldsen and Bystrom were among the company. The ladies were among the confidence of roses; the gentlemen Farmer showing that after paying \$1.50 ed into another toom wreaths of ivy. When the Christmas per ton for the cane the actual cost of gifts were distributed a silver cup. with the inscription, "Christmas Eve per pound. This allows \$2.10 as the Smart-Weed on hand in Rome, in 1833, 'fell to Andersen - a love token from the three nations represented.



Hungry Higgins-Wot's dis? You Weary Watkins-Oh. dat's all right.

I ain't goin' to wear 'em. I just boug'it

em to hang up fer Christmas. A Sensible Answer.

"Everybody who does right shall be rewarded," said the Sunday selgol superintendent. "Now what will be the reward of all these little girls and boys who put playing aside and con e to school every Sabbath?"

"I knows, sir," said a wee girl. "And what is it to be, my child?" "A box of candy and an orange at Christmas!"

A Wise Young Man of the East. S.S. Teacher-And now, Tommy, what do you suppose those shepherds nust angels in the sky?

Tommy-That they had a little too much eggnogg, I guess.-Town Tile.

REPORTED TO THE PROPERTY OF TH

IN all receipts for cooking I requiring a leavening agent the ROYAL BAKING POWDER, because it is an absolutely pure cream of tartar powder and of 33 per cent. greater leavening strength than other powders, will give the best results. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor and more wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK. KARTEN BATTER BA

When They Meet and Part. An Englishman salutes his friend with: "How do you do? Goodby. Farewell." Similarly the Dutch, "Vaar wel," and the Swede, "Farvel." Frenchman says: "Bonjour! Au plaisir."-i. e., "de vous revoir." An Ital- cent of the pupils are shortsighted. ian, "Buon giorno! Addio! A rivederci!" A Spaniard, "Buenos dias! Adios!-Hasta la vista!" (French "Au revoir!") The Turk folds his arms and bows his head toward the person whom

proceeds from the heart.

breast in order to show that the wish

His Scheme for Revenge. "Madam," said the occupant of one of the front seats in the main baleony, safety, turning to the lady in the enormous hat, who sat almost directly behind him, "this is a better seat than yours, BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 34. but I will take it as a favor if you will change with me.'

"I mean it, madam," he persisted. "The man two seats behind this one kicked me out of his office the other knew all about it, then, how we loved day because I dunned him. I want to toast, and just as they finished eating | each other and how we parted. But get even with the secondrel."-Chicago | the fool at night and feel well the next day.

> Catarrh Can Not Be Cured golden summer when she and Arthur can not reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take in ternal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this over the letter all day long, but in the scription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood puriflers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for

testimonials, free F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c. Halls Family Pills, 25c.

Three Suns and an Inverted Rainbow. The following is taken literally word for word from a rare copy of the Brighton (England) Advertiser of June 6, 1797: "A rare phenomenon is reported from St. Malo. Recently during the afternoon, between the hours of 4 in our long separation, for we both and 5, three perfect suns were seen all have suffered so deeply that our re- in a row above the western horizon. union is all the more sweet and thrill- The sky was very clear at the time, and there was no one who saw the unusual sight that believes it to have been a mirage or other atmospheric illusion. The central seemed more brilliant than his two luminous attendants, and be- tion, thus assisting Nature and shortening tween the three there seemed to be a communication in the shape of waves of light composed of all the prismatic colors. At about the same time a raina pretty sketch of a Christmas eve he bow made its appearance at a short disparty of Northmen - Swedes, Nor- down-that is to say, the two ends pointed toward the zenith and the bow's neck toward the horizon.

The Modern Mother

Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant laxative. says: Syrup of Figs, when in need of the vorite Prescription being so good for a welaxative effect of a gentle remedy than man with child, so I and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

Some figures are given by Kansas pain, and when the producing sugar is less than 21 cents keep your Extract of cost of working up a ton of cane. In all the time. It was view of the great value of cane seed it very cold weather is certain that the farmer who can con- and our room was tract and sell his cane at \$1 per ton is very cold but I did not take any cold, and far better off than he who has to de- It was all due to God and Dr. Pierce's Fapend upon wheat and corn. It is also vorite Prescription and Compound Extract of manufacturing can readily be re- child and the largest of them all. I sufduced to \$2 per ton, so that the total fered everything that flesh could suffer with cost of producing the 150 pounds of the other babies. I always had a doctor sugar now found to be obtainable from each ton is readily reducible to \$3, making the actual cost of the sugar seven days old when I got up and dressed only 2 cents per pound.

A quart of wheat contains more nutriment than a bushel of cucumbers.

Mere gratification of the appetite is very

In the public schools of France 24.2 par

Poultry is Profitable. If interested in poultry send 4c in stamps for our 1895 catalogue of Incubators and Brooders, with useful hints. Des Moines Incubator Co., 102 E. Locust, Des Moines. No one has as much money as people im-

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

The original and only genuine. Cures Chappest Bands and Face, Cold Sures, &c. C. G. Chirli Co., N. Lincen, Ca. Some naturalists say the whale was once a 'and animal and took to the water for

Pi-o's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. A decapitated snail, kept in a moist place,

will in a few weeks grow a new head. " Hanson's Magie Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded, druggist for it. Price liscents.

Nothing surprises a man more than to ack If the Baby ts Cutting Teeth.

e sure and use that old and well tried remote, Mas The best a man can do is so poor that he

is usually ashamed of himself Better Every Year.

Time was when the "glorious climate of blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh California" did not attract tourists But year after year the tide of travel sets instronger and stronger every fall and winter toward this favored region. There is no climate like it on this continent for a winter resort, and the usual fine service on the Union Pacific System has this season been brought to a degree of perfection which leaves nothing to be desired.

For further information call on your nearest ticket agent or address General Pass, and Ticket Agent

Those who say they are not conceited



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Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH.

Mrs. FRED HUNT, of Glenville, N. F. September, and December 13th I had a twelve pound baby confined I was not sick in any way. I child was born I walkand went to bed.

never had any after pain or any other pain. reasonably safe to assume that the cost of Smart-Weed. This is the eighth living and then he could not help me very much. but this time my mother and my husband were alone with me. My baby was only

and left my room and stayed up all day."

ST. JACOBS OIL OF PAINS RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, LUMBAGIC AND SCIATIC.

Babies and Children

thrive on Scott's Emulsion when all the rest of their food seems to go to waste. Thin Babies and Weak Children grow strong, plump and healthy by taking it.

Scott's Emulsion

overcomes inherited weakness and all the tendencies toward Emaciation or Consumption. Thin, weak babies and growing children and all persons suffering from Loss of Flesh, Weak Lungs, Chronic Coughs, and Wasting Diseases will receive untold benefits from this great nourishment. The formula for making Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by the med-

ical world for twenty years. No secret about it. Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE. Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.
